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Translated for this Journal.

### Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

[Continued from p. 114.]

You know already, that a Fugue is a piece of music in several parts, which differs from all others. You know too, that it is distinguished from other forms of composition by the following characteristics. A single leading thought, or phrase, simply and distinctly uttered at the very outset by a single voice (part), predominates throughout the whole piece. This thought is taken up by the other voices (parts), as they come in one after another, and is borne on by them, perpetually re-appearing: whatever accessory matter is associated with it is held fast by the whole, (with little unessential modifications perhaps), and is only changed by distribution among the different parts. Each of these parts or voices, therefore, is equally the principal part; each is alike prominent and *obligato*. If an intervening phrase be introduced occasionally, it must be taken from one of these leading thoughts, or be at least analogous to them. The piece as a whole has, by strict rule, no farther divisions and points of rest, but flows on in one steady stream, concentrating and narrowing its vital forces more and more as it goes on, until it has said all that the master can say in this form upon the thoughts which he has chosen.

That first leading thought is called the *theme*—also the subject, or the leader (*Dux*); the second thought, which forms the constant accompaniment to the first, is the *Counter-theme*—or counter-subject, or counter-harmony. These occasional accessory phrases, taken from the main thoughts or at least analogous to them, are called the

connecting harmony (*zwischen-Harmonie*, or *between-harmony*); and if you want a new name for the first of the leading thoughts, or theme, where it enters in a new part or on another degree of the scale, you may call it the companion (*Comes*), or the answer.

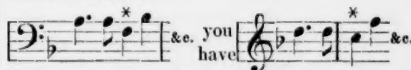
When the Fugue is woven merely out of the theme, the counter-theme and a connecting harmony, which is borrowed from these, it is called a *strict Fugue*. When the connecting harmony is not taken from the themes, but is only analogous to them, perhaps only resembling them in sentiment or in the figure chosen, it is called a *free Fugue*. When a piece is commenced as a strict Fugue and its theme and counter-theme are carried through the four voices, but not much further; or, when they are still further treated, but with more secondary thoughts than the free Fugue, the piece is not called a Fugue, but only a *fugued piece*—a piece worked up in the fugue style.\*

That this may all be plain and palpable, allow me to point it out to you in pieces which you surely know and have at hand. The *Kyrie* in Mozart's *Requiem* is a strict Fugue; most of the fugues of Joseph Haydn, those for instance in the "Creation," are free fugues; and both are what they undertake to be, in the greatest perfection. Fugued passages of the kind first named are such excellent ones as: *Seine Tage sind abgekürzt* ("His days are shortened"), and: *Seine Seele ist voll Jammer* ("His soul is full of sorrow"), in the first chorus of Graun's *Passion*. Fugued passages of the second kind you find most frequently in larger instrumental works; the overture to Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is a fugued piece of this second kind. Examine these pieces now more closely, to discover in them what we have stated to be the essential of the whole genus Fugue, and what has been said of the elements of this; you cannot fail to find it; then compare the pieces with each other, and you will easily remark how they all belong under the same genus, while each illustrates a particular variety. We cannot expect you, a mere dilettante, who are only seeking for some worthy enjoyment, to study them further: but that you may find such enjoyment in listening to or playing over fugues and fugued pieces, direct your attention after the following method—provided you have clearly mastered the above.

Think in the first place of nothing but the principal *theme*, in all its entrances, its turns and passages through all the voices, from beginning to end of the piece, so that you always trace it quite

\* The *Double Fugue* is here passed over, as of rare occurrence, and too difficult for those to whom this essay is addressed.

distinctly with your thought, and hear it stand out clearly and distinctly everywhere. Do this, and you have not only the grand-plan as it were of the entire structure, but also the architectural outline of the main view. Perhaps you will not find this so easy at first by mere hearing, as you imagine: but it is indispensably necessary, enhances the interest, is not without charm, and after a little practice will become very easy to you; for the difficulty in the beginning lies not in the thing itself, but in your previous habit of letting every piece of music affect you, and affect your feeling, only as a whole, or in the lump, so to speak. You must not be disturbed or led astray by slight modifications, which meet you here and there in the theme when it appears as *Comes*—for instance in the *Kyrie* referred to, where instead of—



These are not arbitrary and contrary to rule, but are necessary and founded on the nature of our scale; it will be all clear to you when you have taken a few steps further.

Having made this first step easy, now fix your attention exclusively upon the *Counter-theme*, or second subject. I need not tell you that you find it, in the same *Kyrie* for instance, already entering in the second measure in the alto part. Proceed with this precisely as you have done with the leading theme, till you acquire the same facility in tracing it that you have done there. For both exercises you will do well to select only strict fugues, such as the one just cited—for the reason that here you will not be disturbed by any accessory work, and will discover everywhere the most uniform consistency.

Keep still to these strict fugues for a third exercise: that namely of following *both* main thoughts—both theme and counter-theme, *at once*, as they run along side by side through the course of the piece; watch them in all their entrances, turns and concatenations. This will be difficult at first, with all your facility in seizing the two themes separately; but I am sure, if you have taken up these first two exercises in earnest, you will not desist here, for this third one has in it something so exciting, animating, and so much too that is pleasant, that you *must* carry through your purpose. But if you have carried it through, and so far that it has no longer any difficulty for you, then you have in your power all the main points that concern *you* in this kind of composition; and the rest comes so easy to you, finds indeed such support upon the other side in your own taste and feeling, that it scarcely requires a few words to be said upon it.

Nor need much be said about your exercises in free fugues. You will proceed with them, as with the strict fugues; and will find it here more easy and convenient. Still less will you require directions as to *fugued* pieces of the first kind, since these are nothing more than strict fugues commenced, but not carried through, not completed. And as to *fugued* pieces of the second kind—for instance the overture to the *Zauberflöte*—this little will suffice. Place this famous overture before you. It will be easy enough for you here too, to find and follow the leading theme and counter-theme; and equally easy to trace the connecting harmony, the accessory thoughts which in this piece are so rich, so graceful, so appropriate, and so charmingly distributed, and to note how analogous they are, partly in invention and construction, partly in their employment and expression, to the leading passages. I have only to warn you not to get disturbed, not to lose the internal connection of the whole. In this grouping, alternation, mingling, genius governs more than rule, although the former by no means impairs the latter, (where it is rightly done, as in this overture). Here too there is nothing further to be said about particulars, unless one would go critically through each given piece. If the above little course of study has been made in earnest, all that can need be said, suggests itself, and will be sanctioned and enjoyed by feeling.

[To be continued.]

**MUSIC ON TOO LARGE A SCALE.**—The London *Morning Herald*, while it agrees with all the other witnesses that the late Handel Festival "must be accounted the most magnificent, complete, and remarkable recorded in the history of the art," yet draws from it the following lesson as to the tendency to overdo things in our times:

One desirable consequence, at all events, is likely to result from the Festival of 1857. It will deter speculation from running into excess, and will teach theorists that there are bounds and limitations to all things, artistic as well as mechanical. At the theatres and in the concert-rooms, for some years past, to meet the exigencies of the public taste, it has been thought necessary to make use of larger masses of executants in the performance of music than had been hitherto employed. This is the age of exaggeration. M. Julien, always desirous of conciliating his audiences—satisfied it was the best means of gaining their appreciation in the end—through a series of successive seasons added yearly to the numerical force of his band, until latterly—before Covent-garden Theatre was burnt—his orchestra almost vied in numbers with his audience. One of the greatest elements of success in a musical performance is undoubtedly *noise*. In choral singing, more especially, volume of sound and loudness are indispensable to produce a grand impression. What would the "Hallelujah" chorus, or "Unto us a child is born," or any of the magnificent bursts of exultation in *Israel in Egypt* avail in the execution, but for their manifestation of power? Occasionally, no doubt, perfect *ensemble* singing, and the beauty and impressiveness of the music, may create a profound sensation, and not seldom the employment of *pianos* by a large body of singers, awakens a feeling not to be described; but to sway the mob as the winds the waves—to fill their hearts as well as their ears—to make them feel the might and majesty of the composer—to transport them, as it were, out of themselves, is only to be compassed by sounds whose force and volume suggest to the mind the sublime music of Nature—the breath of the tempest, the roar of waters, the peal of thunder. But all sounds are comparative. Five hundred voices in Exeter Hall display more power than 2500 in the Crystal

Palace. The directors of the Commemoration of the Handel Centenary in 1859—which, we have reason to believe, is in contemplation—must not, therefore, think of increasing their choral and instrumental force to obtain the same striking effects which are produced by a comparatively small body elsewhere. It would be a waste of means, from which the desired result would not follow. Not one half the effect was produced by that immense choir and band at the Handel Festival, just concluded, which might have been obtained had the locality in which they performed been properly adapted for the conveyance of sound. Of course different persons have judged differently, according to the position in which they were placed during the performance. A music-room constructed on the best principles of acoustics would necessarily convey the sound equally, or nearly so, to every part of the building. In the transept of the Crystal Palace this is far from being the case. In some places every note reaches the ear, and is heard distinctly. In others the loudest sounds only are audible. If the Crystal Palace is intended to be used for the Festival of 1859 the entire transept will have to be surrounded with a screen, and then it is more than probable that the 2500 executants will be found too many. If, however, a greater power be attained by the rejection of 1500 of the singers, the eye alone will experience any loss. For one sufficient reason it is imperative that the employment of enormous choral and instrumental masses should be restricted. While these increase in number the locality where they perform must be extended, and the solo singers in consequence must be sacrificed. It becomes a question then whether the songs, duets, trios, and quartets of an oratorio are to be accounted secondary matters, and whether soloists are to be accepted as mere conveniences, whose performances are to constitute halting-places in the great work to give the chorus singers rest. That this was not contemplated even by Handel, who, of all writers of sacred music, laid most stress upon his choruses, need hardly be mentioned. What Mozart has accomplished for the solo voices in his immortal *Requiem*, and to cite more recent examples, Mendelssohn, in his two great sacred compositions, *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, not to point to works of other composers, entirely disprove the supposition—if any such be entertained—that solo singing is not an important element of an oratorio. With the great mass of the public, for whom all sacred compositions are more especially written, single songs and favorite singers will always have a charm. At the late festival the principal singers certainly did not signalize themselves as they are wont to do in less spacious localities than the transept of the Crystal Palace, and in some instances their voices were altogether lost in space. These considerations no doubt will lead to a modification of the building for future festivals, and allay the thirst in societies and directors for an enlargement of their executive force.

#### A Popular Account of the Handel Festival Organ.

(From the London Musical World.)

The employment of an organ as an adjunct to the ordinary resources of a grand orchestra in the performance of oratorio-music, obeys a prescription coeval with oratorio itself. Having scarcely anything in common with the instruments of an orchestra, and—save in its sustaining power—as little similarity to voices, the breadth, richness, and grandeur of its tone, have, nevertheless, long since determined its appointment to that duty of cementing, solidifying, and strengthening the combined mass of both, which nothing else could satisfactorily perform. This peculiar duty of the organ was certainly recognized in this country as far back as the time of Henry Purcell; for, in many of his sacred compositions, we find that wonderful musician employing the organ in conjunction with the orchestra, not alone as a mere filling up of his score, but often in special traits of what can be only fitly termed "instrumentation" in the modern sense; disclosing, even then, a complete knowledge of its capability for

effect. From Handel, the creator of the oratorio, comes, however, the authority which makes the organ essential to that just performance of this, the sublimest class of music. Handel specially wrote for the organ in conjunction with his orchestra, and invariably used it in the performance of his oratorios whenever its presence was attainable. If to this be added, that the greatest sacred composer of modern times, Mendelssohn, has bequeathed to us a similar sanction for its use,—firstly, in the score of his *Elijah*; and secondly, in the organ-part with which he has enriched the Handel Society's edition of *Israel in Egypt*,—nothing further is needed to explain the cost and trouble incurred in erecting the organ for the present festival.

A few years since, it would have been thought wholly unnecessary to direct any save the slightest notice to an organ erected for an oratorio performance. A bare record of the fact, coupled, perhaps, with the advertisement of the Organ-builder's name, would then have served every purpose. At the Westminster Abbey Festival in 1834, for instance, on which occasion a large organ was provided by the makers of the present instrument—Messrs. Gray and Davison—the briefest announcement of its existence and parentage was presumed enough to satisfy every claim the organ might have to attention. Twenty years ago, however, the art of organ-building can scarcely be said to have emerged from its infancy in this country; and although that infancy was often stultified—even sometimes gigantesque for its date—its growth was too much encumbered with rudeness and want of symmetry and refinement at all points, to occupy much ground in the circles either of mechanical science or musical taste. All this has greatly changed. The large organ of past times has as little relation to the modern first-class instrument, as has a coarse product of handicraft to a finished work of art. And, naturally enough, along with this vast improvement in the instrument itself, and a corresponding advance in the style of its treatment by the performer, has grown up an amount of public interest in the matter,—an extent of hearty and earnest amateurship, both as to the musical effect and construction of the organ, sufficient, it is presumed, to justify the explanations about to be offered with regard to the particular instrument constructed for the present festival.

A brief notice of the difficulties certain to arise in providing a suitable organ for this occasion, naturally precedes a description of the means adopted to overcome them. The inevitable obstacles to be encountered were, vast space, and the antagonism of multitudes of voices and instruments,—both of which operate in absorbing and destroying organ-tone to an extent not at all generally suspected. However much the statement may be at variance with ordinary impressions, it is nevertheless true that the organ is, considering the large number of its *sounding parts*, a very weak instrument; in other words, that the tone of any one of its single pipes is much inferior in power to that of a single voice or orchestral instrument. Without entering into technical details, this fact may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained in the statements that the air with which the pipes of an organ are sounded is supplied at a pressure much below that exercised by the human lungs either in singing or playing a wind-instrument; and that, until very lately, it was supposed that a much increased pressure of air could not be applied to organ-pipes with a corresponding, or, indeed, any, advantage. It may be naturally suggested, indeed, that the required degree of power could be obtained by *enlarging* the organ,—in other words, by doubling or tripling, for instance, the number of its sounding parts. The first objection to this course is its extravagance both in money and space; and the second and more fatal one is that it would not accomplish the proposed object. Here again, in order to avoid a long and probably uninteresting elucidation, the reader must be pleased to accept, as a demonstrable fact, that, beyond a certain and speedily attainable limit, the reduplication of sounds of the same pitch and character affords no commensurate increase of power. For this and



other difficulties connected with the structure of instruments of the largest class, modern ingenuity, continental and English, has succeeded in providing remedies, and these have been largely adopted in the Crystal Palace Organ. It was, of course, no part of the present design to construct a mere musical monster, capable of overwhelming the 2500 voices and instruments with which it is associated; such a result, however practicable, would have been as absurd as unnecessary. The aim of the builders has been to produce an instrument, the varied qualities of which should combine all desirable musical beauty, with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it is specially destined to bear in this great commemoration; and, should the result be pronounced successful, it is presumed that the very unusual difficulties of *locale* and employment to which the instrument is subjected, will be felt to proportionately enhance the credit due to its constructors.

To proceed at once with our description. On an occasion when all the preparations are on so vast a scale as the present, it will be naturally concluded that the Festival Organ must be, even in the obvious and external sense, a very large instrument. In this particular, it is highly probable that the spectator will, at a first glance, be disappointed. The prodigious dimensions of the Transept of the Crystal Palace, dwarfing to all but insignificance every single object it encloses, operate, of course, in greatly diminishing the apparent magnitude of the Organ. The reader has been elsewhere informed that the Orchestra prepared for this occasion "alone covers considerably more space than is found in any Music Hall in the kingdom;" and, similarly, he may be assisted to estimate the space occupied by the Organ, if told that it stands on more ground than that allotted to most ordinary houses,—its width is forty feet, by a depth of thirty. He will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive how, by any possibility, a musical instrument can require all these 1,200 superficial feet of standing-room; and be tempted to set it down as a piece of display,—an attempt to impose on him by the mere appearance of magnitude. A few simple facts will, however, convince him that these arrangements are controlled by a necessity passing all show. When he is told that this Organ contains 4,568 sounding pipes, varying in size, from 32 feet in length and with a diameter sufficient to easily admit the passage of a stout man's body, to less than one inch in length with the bore of an ordinary quill,—that, in order to place these 4,568 pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least 6,800 other separate working parts are required, (many of these being complete machines in themselves, the separate members of which, if reckoned as in the process of manufacture, would at least quintuple the number.)—that all these 11,368 sounding and working parts require such a disposition and arrangement that each one may be more or less easily accessible for those occasions of adjustment which must frequently arise in so complicated an instrument,—and, finally, that the entire mass before him weighs nearly fifty tons,—he will scarcely fail to perceive that the space is economically rather than ostentatiously occupied, and will, moreover, be enabled, perhaps, to understand some of those points often deemed mysterious with regard to large organs in general, such, for example, as their cost, and the time occupied in their manufacture.

Internally, however, the Crystal Palace organ is, beyond doubt, a very large instrument. Although the number of its pipes is, for many reasons, a very fallacious test, when applied to the power and capability of such an instrument, it may be well, in a popular account such as the present, to state, that in this respect, it considerably exceeds the world-famed organ at Haarlem—the total number of the pipes in the latter being 4088; while—were the two placed side by side in the Crystal Palace orchestra—the difference in point of power would be still more remarkable.

The performer has at his disposal four complete rows of keys, each having a compass of fifty-eight notes, and each commanding a distinct department of the instrument. He has, also, a set of "pedals"

—a key-board played by his feet, in fact—by means of which he calls forth the ponderous basses necessary to support the general harmony. The "stops" belonging to each of these key-boards are subjoined in a tabular form:—

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN—(continued)	
1 Double Open Diapason.	16 feet	9 Super Octave.....	2 feet
2 Double Dulciana.....	16 "	10 Piccolo.....	2 "
3 Flute à Pavillon.....	8 "	11 Mixture.....	4 ranks
4 Viol de Gamba.....	8 "	12 Scharf.....	3 "
5 Octave.....	4 "	13 Contra Fagotto.....	16 feet
6 Harmonic Flute.....	8 "	14 Cornopean.....	8 "
7 Clarabel Flute.....	8 "	15 Oboe.....	8 "
8 Flute Octavante.....	4 "	16 Clarion.....	4 "
9 Super Octave.....	2 "	17 Echo Tromba.....	8 "
10 Flageolet Harmonic 2 "			Tremulant.
11 Quint.....	6 "	PEDAL ORGAN.	
12 Twelfth.....	3 "	1 Contra Bass.....	32 feet
13 Mixture.....	4 ranks	2 Open Diapason.....	
14 Furniture.....	3 "	3 Wood.....	16 "
15 Cymbal.....	5 "	4 Violon.....	16 "
16 Bombarde.....	16 feet	5 Open Diapason.....	
17 Posanne.....	8 "	6 Metal.....	16 "
18 Trumpet.....	8 "	7 Octave.....	8 "
19 Clarion.....	4 "	8 Twelfth.....	G "
20 Octave Clarion.....	2 "	9 Super Octave.....	4 "
		10 Mixture.....	4 ranks
CHOIR ORGAN.		9 Contra Bombarde—	
1 Bourdon.....	16 feet	" free Reed ".....	32 feet
2 Gamba.....	8 "	10 Bombarde—Metal 16 "	
3 Salcional.....	8 "	11 Trumpet.....	8 "
4 Voix Celeste.....	8 "	12 Clarion.....	4 "
5 Clarionet Flute.....	8 "	COUPLERS.	
6 Gems Horn.....	4 "	Swell to Great Manual.	
7 Wald Flute.....	4 "	Do. Sub Octave.	
8 Spi'z Flute.....	2 "	Do. Super Octave.	
9 Piccolo.....	2 "	Swell to Pedals.	
10 Mixture.....	2 ranks	Swell to Choir.	
11 Cor Anglaise and Bass on.....	8 feet	Solo to Great.	
12 Trumpet (small sc.) 8 "		Solo to Choir.	
SOLO ORGAN.		Super Octave Great.	
Grand Tromba.....	8 feet	Solo to Pedals.	
Harmonic Flute.....	8 "	Choir to Pedals.	
Flute Octavante.....	4 "	Great to Pedals.	
Mixture.....	2 ranks	Choir to Great.	
Corno di Bassetto.....	8 feet	Sforzando. Great to Swell.	
SWELL ORGAN.		COMBINATION PEDALS.	
1 Bourdon.....	16 feet	3 to Great and Pedal Organ.	
2 Open Diapason.....	8 "	2 to Swell Organ.	
3 Keraulophon.....	8 "	1 to Choir Organ.	
4 Concert Flute.....	8 "		
5 Octave.....	4 "	The Manual and Pedal Cou-	
6 Flute.....	4 "	plers, with the exception of the	
7 Vox Humana.....	8 "	Solo Organ, are acted upon by	
8 Twelfth.....	3 "	Pedals.	

\* The number of "feet" here given indicates the "pitch" of the stop expressed by the length of its lowest pipe. Thus, those described as of "8 feet," speak in the *normal* pitch of the scale,—in unison with the keys of a pianoforte, for example: while those marked as of "4 feet," or "16 feet," sound, respectively, an octave above or below that pitch.

Having thus furnished a general account of the contents of the Crystal Palace Organ, it remains but to notice some peculiarities of its structure, which may probably interest such readers as have given attention to the subject. Although it can claim no absolute originality of contrivance, some of its features are wholly novel in English practice, and others are but of recent introduction and as yet but sparingly employed in this country. As force and volume of tone were, obviously, the first essentials in an organ so placed, it has been deemed advisable to supply the pipes with air at a pressure considerably higher than that ordinarily employed; while—following the principle first enunciated by the great French builder, Cavaillé—this pressure is again considerably increased in the upper half of the compass throughout the instrument. With the same view—as well as for their individual beauty of quality—some of the more powerful stops of recent French origin have been introduced. These are the *Flute à Pavillon*, the *Trompette Harmonique*, and the *Flute Harmonique*—this last appearing in greater variety than has hitherto been tried in the English organ, since, besides two specimens of different kinds in the swell and choir organs, there are three—respectively of 8, 4, and 2 feet pitch—in the great organ, contributing greatly to the sonorous richness of this portion of the instrument; and, lastly, two, of large calibre and speaking at an unusually high air-pressure, in the solo organ.

The 32 feet *Contra Bombarde* of the pedal is a stop of the "free-reed" kind—a mode of construction which, though but little used as yet in England, has many and decided advantages over the percussive variety of reed when employed in these profound registers of the instrument. The present is believed to be the first free-reed stop of 32 feet pitch produced in this country. The

pipes which are observed to project horizontally over the centre portion of the organ are those of the *Tromba*, belonging to the solo key-board. The idea of thus placing reed-stops appears to have originated with the Spanish builders, in many of whose instruments—and notably in the two large organs of the Cathedral at Seville—all the trumpets, clarions, etc., have this horizontal and external position. The advantage of this arrangement is that the tone, travelling towards the auditor in a far more direct course than when the pipes stand erect, derives from it a great apparent increase of volume and intensity. The pipes of the *Echo Tromba* of the swell organ are, also, similarly placed within the swell-box.

One remarkable mechanical arrangement which pervades the whole instrument is quite novel in English practice. It is the distinct grouping together of certain stops of each manual—each group having its own sound-board, placed apart from, and supplied with wind independently of, the remainder. In the list of stops above quoted, the mode in which the stops of each manual are thus grouped is indicated by brackets, and from thence it will be seen that there are, for the great organ, four of these separate sound-boards; for the swell organ, three; for the choir organ, two; for the solo organ, two; and for the pedal organ, four—or rather, as these are again subdivided, eight. Among its minor advantages, this grouping and separately alighting of a small number of stops secure a more equable maintenance of the prescribed pressure in the wind-chests than can at all times be depended on under the ordinary system. As a wide passage-way is provided between the sound-boards of each manual, this arrangement has, also, the advantage of giving unusual facility to the necessary operations of the tuner. The chief object of its employment in this instance, however, was the introduction of another untried novelty in this country—the system of "Combination Pedals," invented and now invariably used by Cavaillé, of Paris. These "Combination Pedals" occupy the usual position, and—with a difference and an advantage of their own—discharge the functions of the composition pedals ordinarily employed in the English organ. They operate, however, on a widely different principle. They have no connection with the draw-stops or slides of the sound-boards; their action is simply to admit the supply of air to, or cut it off from, the various sound-boards, and thus, obviously, to command the speech or silence of the groups of stops placed on them. It is necessary to add that each pedal—in the progression from *piano* to *forte*—acts also on that which precedes it; thus at once providing against any unnatural or improper grouping of stops, and simplifying the operations of the performer. Ease, rapidity, and noiselessness of action are unquestionable characteristics of this system; but its peculiar advantage will be found in the number and variety of the combinations it affords. A pre-arrangement of the draw-stops obviously determines what number of any group of pipes shall appear at the command of each pedal; and thus the varieties of tone placed within reach of the performer's feet appear only limited by the number of combinations of which the stops themselves are legitimately capable.

The *Pneumatic Lever*, now generally admitted to be an essential feature in any large organ, is certainly indispensable to an instrument wherein, from the arrangement of the sound-boards, such an unusual number of valves must be operated on simultaneously by the finger of the performer. This beautiful apparatus is, it is believed, now too generally known in this country to require explanation in detail; yet it may not be here out of place to describe it, generally, as a kind of subsidiary machine interposed between the keys and the valves of the sound-boards, whereby the labor of opening the latter is, in fact, transferred from the finger of the performer to the arm of the bellows-blower. Its mode of operation is very similar to that of the steam-engine; steam and a reciprocating piston being represented in the *Pneumatic Lever* by compressed air, and the alternate inflation and exhaustion of a small bellows which—thrown into action by the slightest

pressure of the player's fingers—acts, in turn, with considerable force on the train of connections by which the sound-board valves are opened. There are two sets of this apparatus in the Crystal Palace instrument, one for the Swell Organ, and the other for the Great Organ and its numerous array of couplers; and by their means, the "touch," even when all the separate members of the instrument are united on one key-board, is rendered as light and invariable as that of a grand pianoforte.

The necessary quantity of wind is supplied and distributed through this large instrument by twenty-two pairs of bellows. Four, only, of these, however, are employed to furnish the supply of air—the remainder act merely as reservoirs in determining and regulating the pressure at which it is delivered to the various wind-chests.

In conclusion, it is, perhaps, proper to state that the Crystal Palace Organ will not—indeed, cannot—be entirely completed as here described until after the termination of the Handel Festival. A few stops in the choir and solo organs, not essential to the present orchestral duties of the instrument, not forming part of the original design, and which time renders it absolutely impossible now to complete, are at present omitted, but will take their destined positions as speedily as opportunity permits.

### Music in London.

[Correspondence of New York Tribune, June 22.]

#### LACK OF VOICES.

If we are to judge from the performances in London, while instrumentalists are progressing in a wonderful manner, good singers become more and more scarce; for, Clara Novello excepted, it did not fall to our lot to hear any singing lady or gentleman who may be reckoned as above the average. Mesdames Bassano, Rudersdorff, Ferretti, Ransford, Sedlatzcek and others have sung themselves out; the new-comers, Mesdemoiselles A. Manning, Jenny Baur, Augusta Stubbe, are very young and pretty, but the less said of their voices will be the better. Herr Von der Osten, Herr Reichardt, M. Frank Bodda, and other male artists, may be musical enough, but they enjoy a mere thread of voice, and prove, at all events, unable to excite genuine enthusiasm among their hearers. The quartets sung by the Cologne amateurs: "Kölner Männer Gesang Verein," proved alone successful in that direction; and nothing could give a higher idea of the harmonious splendor of the human voice when skillfully managed, than the songs executed by these eighty powerful performers, with the most striking ensemble. Why, then, have they made such a bad selection of melodies? Most of the composers whose names appeared on the programmes are totally unknown, and we are bound to admit, deservedly so. A *Lied*, originally intended for a tenor or baritone solo, does not exactly gain much by being set for four voices, and it is certainly a pity to waste on mere musical trash such efficient power of harmony as the Germans possess.

If we were to believe English newspapers, there would be no reason to complain of a scarcity of grand singers, especially since a most bright luminary has appeared in the cloudy British sky, in the person of Miss Victoria Balfe, the daughter of the Irish maestro. But this shining star somewhat resembles that much-talked-of comet of the 13th of June; everybody spoke of it, yet nobody could perceive it. Miss Balfe's success is another instance of the British spirit of nationality, which has become a greater virtue than patience itself. She made her debut in *La Sonnambula*, and a more charming sonnambulist could not be fancied in a Summer night's dream. She has almost exactly the age, the features, the figure of Grisi, when the latter appeared in London some twenty-five years ago. The "Nisetta" of to-day recalled to mind the "Diva Giulia" of former times in every particular, one only excepted—namely, the voice. Let English loyalists cheer and huzza to their heart's delight, and strike the big drum of flattery

with the enthusiastic devotedness of a regimental kettle-drummer, we are of the same opinion as the witty King Louis XVIII. He once astonished his Ministers by the simple truth, taken from a cooking book, that for a hare ragout the first thing required was a hare; and thus, we are inclined to believe that for a singer the first thing required is a voice.

#### THREE NEW PIANISTS.

Among the new pianists, who, if they have not just arrived in London, came, nevertheless, this year for the first time fairly before the public, we have particularly noticed three—Derffel, Klindworth and Rubinstein, three "foreigners." Herr Derffel, a highly cultivated artist from Vienna, was announced in grand style by the bombastic Ella, but, as usual, the customary mouse came forward after due labor. Herr Derffel executes the classic sonatas of Beethoven with laudable accuracy, and in the required style; there is no fault to be found with him, but he leaves you completely unmoved, and in the long run his performances will be found as dry and stiff as his person. The pianist has the misfortune to be uncommonly ugly. Every one of us, so-called lords of the creation enjoys more or less the privilege of ugliness, but our friend Derffel really abuses it, and it is always unpleasant to be a kind of errata in the creation. We can never look at him without thinking of an immense half-crotchet seated before a piano.

Herr Karl Klindworth, one of the best pupils of Liszt, is different in appearance as well as in execution, and may deservedly be regarded as one of the most promising musicians of our time. His long yellow hair and beard gave to his handsome person something of the expression which great painters have bestowed upon the Apostle John; and, in fact, he has assumed the character of an apostle of the romantic school of music. His mechanical and professional skill is unbounded; and, besides, there is so much heartiness and genuine feeling in his performing, that even a layman, as Tieck calls every non-musical being, is able to understand a sonata of Beethoven or a concerto of Bach, when they are played by him, for he plays with his whole soul. The great Liszt holds him in so great honor that he dedicated a fantasia on Raff's opera to him; and with such a high approbation, Herr Klindworth may well despise the silence or criticism of the British Zoluses, who worship none but "respectable," time-honored idols; he belongs to the small number of chosen musicians

"that seize

The heart with firmer grasp."

Antoine Rubinstein, a young Russian, is not only a powerful pianist, but also a delightful composer. He has more fire, more *entrainement* than Klindworth, but perhaps less feeling, less inward ardor. As a performer we really think him second to none but Liszt, and his future career will be marked with unusual brilliancy. He is one of the few wonderful children whose ripe age does not give the lie to the once promising childhood; it was the case with Handel, Mozart and Liszt, and even at the risk of being charged with exaggeration, we hope that the name of Rubinstein will one day be pronounced among the most glorious. To those who heard, at the concert given in his honor by the *Réunion des Arts*, in Harley street, the quartet, the sonata and the *Persische Lieder* composed by him, our appreciation will by no means appear too lofty. There is much originality in these compositions, and we do not know of a greater praise to be bestowed, in our days of unmeaning and endless writing of notes. All the eminent musicians of London were present at this concert, and among the most delighted we remarked Ella, Benedict, Ernst, Goffrie, Kjalmark, Paque, Witt and Brückmann. Sebastian Bach's concerto in C minor, executed on two piano-fortes by Rubinstein and Klindworth, was truly wonderful and delightful in the utmost. Such performances are passed over in silence by the honorable Mr. Davidson and his critical followers; but let us tell them, with Wordsworth:

"Ye who pore  
On the dead letter, miss the spirit."

Rubinstein and Klindworth are not the only foreign artists in England who may exclaim, with as good a right as Ovid:

"Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor illis."

#### NEW SCHOOL.

As I am speaking of the new school of music, I must not omit to mention that the 35th Musical Festival of the Rhine has been celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that Franz Liszt was the chosen director. The fact is important for those who have asked themselves for a number of years: Is there a new art? are the ideas of Richard Wagner, propagated by Liszt, destined, beside the remarkable works written by their ardent promoters, to produce a partial or radical reform in music? The programme itself answered the question. Full of admiration for the illustrious names of musical Germany, the maestro of Weimar demands at least toleration and space for the works of those for whom the hour of posterity has not yet struck. After Bach, Handel, Beethoven, he inscribes, *en passant*, Schubert and Schumann, and at last come the new names of Richard Wagner and Hector Berlioz. This prospectus is certainly more eclectic than revolutionary. In spite of the efforts of the classical conservatives, a symphony of Schubert, Robert Schumann's *Sanger's Fluch*, Liszt's *Fest Klänge*, and Wagner's overture of the *Tannhäuser* met with the most genuine success. But Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ* was the great stumbling-block. How could such a profane romantic appear among the sacred crowd? Many enthusiastic Handelists asked proudly: "What is Saul coming to do among the prophets?" and would have deserved the answer which the witty Julius Weber once returned to an assembly of straight-laced clergymen, "I am seeking my father's ass, and think I have found it." Berlioz! a living composer, and a Frenchman, too! *Vade retro!* Poor Berlioz meets with the same misfortune which befalls *paucere Jacques* in the play, whom people found too old for work and too young for alms. In Paris they find him too German; at Aix-la-Chapelle, too French. However that may be, the performers of the Festival entered into a conspiracy, and executed the oratorio so badly at the rehearsal that Liszt was obliged to leave off the two first parts; but in spite of this obstinate aversion, the third part, *La Fuite en Egypte*, produced such a profound sensation that the whole theatre applauded most vigorously. Hector Berlioz has at present *droit de bourgeoisie* in Germany.

And now, to finish with the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—what shall I say of it? When Voltaire was once asked why he did not write a commentary of Racine's tragedies, as he did for Corneille, he answered, "This commentary is already written, for you have only to put under each page the words *admirable, sublime*." We do not exactly share the opinion of the sarcastic philosopher on Racine, but still we are unable to find any other expression, beside his two superlative epithets, in order to describe our sensations at this grand execution of the *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus* and *Israel in Egypt*. It will be one of the greatest events in the musical history of England and the world, for there was never anything to be compared with such an effect. I do not grudge that I have no space left for detailing my opinion, for I feel inadequate to the task of expressing my admiration in a suitable manner.

### Psalm Tunes.

By Dr. EDWARD HODGES, from New York Musical Review.

The mode of conducting the celebration of Divine Worship in the Church, has, in the lapse of ages, changed and varied from time to time, to so great a degree, that, were one of the primitive Christians now to rise from his grave and present himself in any congregation upon earth during an ordinary public service, he would probably be, at least for a little while, at a loss to determine precisely what was going on; so new and strange would the whole proceedings appear to him to be. The edifice, the vestments, the style and



manner of preaching and praying, might all strike him as sufficiently remarkable; but no portion of the service would more strongly impress his mind with a sense of novelty than the department of sacred praise. The music would be to him passing strange. It must be so, no matter what the ecclesiastical climate he had entered. Whether he found himself present during the celebration of a grand Mass, with all possible attractive and gorgeous accessories, in a sumptuous Romish cathedral; or whether he chanced to be present at the less imposing ceremonies of the English Church; or whether he had gone into an assembly of some one of the numerous Christian "denominations" into which Protestant Christendom has so unhappily divided itself; in either case, the music associated with the occasion would necessarily strike his ancient ears as something new. The same would happen, too, even if he had fallen upon a congregation which limited itself to the use of what is called "Plain Song;" he would say that he had never heard the like before.

The music of the early Church has been lost—lost irretrievably. Not a vestige of it is certainly known to remain.

But music, of some sort, is an acknowledged necessity. Without it, the public ceremonials of religion would be on all hands felt to be dismally incomplete; and—which consideration is still more important—scriptural precept upon the subject would be totally disregarded. Music there must be; but of what particular kind, is left to the judgment of the Church itself, from time to time, to determine.

Was there not an exhibition of wisdom in the very avoidance of all specific direction with regard to this point?

Since the introduction of Christianity, the science of music has attained a wonderful development; and yet it would be presumptuous even now, had we the power, to pretend to fix and determine the Music of the Church for all time coming. There may be a much deeper meaning in the phrase, than we usually attach to the well-known words, "O sing unto the Lord a new song."

No music whatever will bear everlasting repetition. Imagine a congregation singing a tune, a good tune, the best possible tune, for an hour—one single hour; would it not, however pleasing at first, long before the expiration of that single hour, become irksome? But extend the idea, and suppose the same congregation continuing to sing the same tune for two, three, or four hours; and it would become perfectly intolerable. The thought of inflicting upon the ear of a living man the same tune—no matter how excellent in itself and how exquisitely sung—for a given number of hours every day, for a month, for a year, for a series of years, presents only the idea of a refinement of cruelty, unsurpassed by the most ingenious tormentor that ever wielded the terrors of the Inquisition. Yet such is the notion which some good people seem to entertain concerning the music of heaven!

Plain Congregational Singing, similar in spirit if not in kind to that which was known in the earliest age of the Church, was strenuously encouraged by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. Prior to that, the Albigenses in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Wickliffites in the fourteenth, and the followers of John Huss in the fifteenth, had all adopted it. In the period of religious strife and contention it came to be a badge or mark of distinction; so that a man's religious views could be known from the style of music which he favored. By the way, it would seem as though we were at this time approaching a similar period; but this aside. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," tells us that "some poets, such as the times afforded, translated David's Psalms into verse; and it was a sign by which men's affections to that work [the Reformation] were everywhere measured, whether they used to sing these or not."

It was a mark of Protestantism. All they who did not sing the metrical psalms were set down as Romanists. Should we go through all our congregations and apply a similar test now, the Pro-

testants would appear as but a scanty minority, a mere sprinkling; and some fashionable churches would furnish none at all!

Psalmody, by which we mean the singing of metrical psalms and hymns, by a choir, or by a few leading voices, is universal among all sects and denominations, saving only the Society of Friends: and yet, any approach to a general participation in such singing, by the congregation present, is but a rare occurrence. Whether the old tunes have worn out through frequent repetition, and the new ones brought in have not been made of the right sort of stuff; or whether "men's affections towards that work" have died out, we will not take upon ourselves to determine. Quite certain it is that there is a great and general want of heartiness and earnestness in the matter. The great multiplicity of tunes introduced, and the frequent change of musical administration, (spoken of last week under the head of "Music Committees,") may have contributed towards bringing about this result; but the main cause probably lies still deeper.

"Where there is a will there is a way;" at least in such a matter as this: and if the people were really bent upon having congregational singing, we should soon have it.

The indefatigable men who manufacture psalm tunes have labored hard to provide an abundant supply of the raw material. They have furnished tunes for the million, and almost by the million. Judging from the quality in the market, one would think that this is one of the greatest psalm-singing countries on earth. And yet we may truly say with Dr. Watts,

"In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies."

It is true, to the letter; be the fault where it may.

On another occasion there may be an opportunity of dropping some hints upon the proper mode of conducting this portion of divine worship, constituting as it does the exclusive music of many congregations. It will suffice for the present to have again called attention to the lamentably languishing condition of psalmody in general, all around us. That it should be in such a state of declension, is very remarkable, considering the circumstances of the case, more particularly the infrequency of the employment of any other species of Church Music. Perhaps it arises from the excess of modesty, so that a man is ashamed to suffer his voice to be heard in the service of God! Of course it cannot be from the decay of courage. Be it however from what cause it may, the fact—the stubborn fact—remains; congregational singing is dead; to use a vulgar but expressive simile, "dead as a door nail." The mighty roar of a multitude, singing with heart and voice, is not now to be heard; and the responsive AMEN which was wont to roll like a peal of thunder from the lips of the first Christian congregations, has sunk to what is hardly loud enough to deserve the name of a pious whisper. These two portions of congregational duty, responses and psalmody, have a great sympathy with each other; they rise or fall together. That both have fallen into all but total desuetude, it is more easy to regret than to remedy. But there is hope for the future, there is a gleam of light in the distance. Many earnest minds are directed to the subject, and it cannot be very long ere some good will result from their efforts.

Meanwhile, an acquaintance with Psalm tunes cannot be accounted a very uncommon attainment in some parts of the United States, judging from the following striking remarks of Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, in a lecture which he delivered at Hope Chapel, in this city, a few months since.

"If an American professor of music tells you that he has studied, understands, and can teach Church Music, he means PSALM TUNES."

If he seeks a situation to take the charge of a choir, or play a church organ, he enumerates, among his other qualifications, his knowledge of Church Music, and again he means PSALM TUNES.

If he goes to a Musical Convention, it is to practise, as well as to buy, PSALM TUNES.

If he gets up one of those popular institutions called 'singing schools,' it is for the purpose of teaching and practising PSALM TUNES.

If you were to ask a hundred leaders of choirs the question, What is Church Music? ninety-nine of them would answer PSALM TUNES.

If you go to church, you expect to hear Church Music; but it is still PSALM TUNES.

And should you visit a friend on Sunday evening, and singing is proposed, again you will hear Church Music; but it is invariably PSALM TUNES."

Dr. Tuckerman's remarks, we presume, apply in all their force to the condition of musical affairs in the New England States, of one of which he is himself a native. Surely, after such an exposition of the psalmic tendencies of the country, one would there expect to find general congregational singing at the very pinnacle of its glory.

But is it so?

H.

### Chorley on the Handel Festival.

[London Athenæum, June 20.]

\* \* \* The announcement of an orchestra built to contain 2,500 people, as wide in area as a cathedral—the rumors of an organ which could be heard a mile off—of a drum that was "to rend the sky"—had prepared the majority of spectators to expect something more crushing and astounding in point of forcible sound than ears in England had ever enjoyed or endured before—and disposed them to forget that so huge a gathering, made under conditions so highly unprecedented, must inevitably be largely an experiment. Twenty curiously-varying impressions, all genuine, all truthful, would be given by a score of those who witnessed Saturday's rehearsal:—A. could not catch the solo voices; B. heard too little of the stringed instruments; C. thought the united tone meagre; D. rebelled against the organ; E. cavilled at the balance of sound in the orchestra; F. was fretted because the 2,000 vocalists, (some of whom flocked hither from Limerick in Ireland), had not been benefited by sixty consecutive rehearsals in company; G. ascribed the want of sonority (or the over-sonority, G. hardly knowing which was which) to the glass roof. Meanwhile, those who carefully moved about, in possession of some experience, more or less, and cherishing some power of making allowance, were less hasty and hazarding in "the final blow" of judgment—and the less so because it seemed evident to such persons, from half-hour to half-hour, that the mass of vocalists and instrumentalists were gradually becoming better and better cemented, and that the multitudinous sound which they gave out had peculiarities of its own, as remarkable, if not as seizing, as the violent noise expected—that every position in the vast building had its special advantages and disadvantages—and that for every visitor there was something new to satisfy sensation as well as to excite imagination. Betwixt Sunday and Monday, many changes were made, all for the better—all tending to concentration and grandeur of effect. The vast orchestra was more closely shut in than it had been two days before. The position of the choristers was entirely altered—and other touches were added, here and there, which nothing but trial could have suggested as necessary. The result was Monday's splendid performance of the "Messiah." \* \* \*

We have characterized the performance of the "Messiah" as splendid. The mass of choral and orchestral sound (as we heard it) seemed balanced to a nicety—rich, glowing, sonorous, and of a sweetness such as is not to be heard out of England. There was no such despotism of Boanerges organ and Polyphemus big drum as had been undertaken for by hasty and apprehensive persons. The body worked, as a whole, more satisfactorily than could have been expected. The execution was in many parts unimpeachable—as in the choruses 'For unto us a Child is born,' 'Glory to God,' 'All we like sheep,' 'Lift up your heads,' and the 'Hallelujah' (allowing for the slackened tempo at the words "The kingdom of this world" as a conductor's fancy in which we do not sympathize). In other choruses it is true the great mass of vocal sound seemed to sway to and fro, like a balloon when the inflation is consummated before it is allowed to break loose,—but it was no less evident that the mass was under control, and that it became more forcible, because more obedient, as the performance advanced. The energy, mastery, and animation of Signor Costa, and his known power of

obtaining the utmost results under possible conditions, were never more signally manifest than throughout the "Messiah" on Monday. To ourselves, such an execution as we have of late years heard at Birmingham is far more satisfactory;—and yet there was something vast, and noble, and boundless—a delicious amplitude and richness of sound in many passages—the voice as "of summer deep calling to summer deep"—which amounted to a new and a poetical experience, and which went far to satisfy us that—due time, place, alternation, and occupation provided for—even such monstrous performances as these may have a real depth of truth and life and beauty as regards music, besides that superficial gorgeousness which every one can feel, yet by which every one must be in some measure disappointed. The annihilation of the solo singers, which some had confidently announced, did not take place. The soprano (Madame Novello), the alto (Miss Dolby), the tenor (Mr. Sims Reeves), did "the best of their best,"—sang with more than usual care, and with something of the inspiration belonging to so august a celebration.

### From my Diary, No. 8.

JULY 10.—"The fast-sailing and elegant steamer Nantasket, Capt. A. L. Rowell, continues to make her daily excursions among the islands of our harbor, and to those beautiful places of sea-side resort, Hingham and Hull—cheering her passengers on the way with the merry strains of her steam Calliope."

So says one of the morning papers.

A few years since a man established a varnish factory in Cambridge. The smell was very offensive to the neighbors, and a court of justice decided the factory to be a nuisance, and the man was forced to remove.

However delightful the effluvia of decaying masses of filth may be to the dwellers in certain streets of Boston, there is a large class of Bostonians whose delicate noses are offended thereat, and consequently he who throws garbage into the street is fined.

If a man exposes at his window a disgusting picture—I do not mean one offensive to good morals—the good sense of the community, possibly the police, will cause its removal.

Let any person cast into the reservoir on Beacon hill any substance which, though perfectly harmless, shall give the aquaduct water a taste disagreeable to a portion of the community, how quickly the police would be after him, to inflict condign punishment.

How happens it, while the other senses are protected by the law and our courts of justice, that the ear may be outraged with impunity? Smells, tastes, and sights, in which many people really take pleasure, subject their authors to public punishment; but the most hideous and unearthly noises may proceed from the throats of rambling street beggars with wheezy hand-organ accompaniments, and no one interferes with them, although it is well known that the money they get is in most cases but a tax paid to induce them to move off.

In the matter of calathumpian bands, which in the days of their popularity afforded a world of fun to those engaged in them, we have seen city and town authorities move, and so move that any attempt to serenade a new married couple now with fish-horns, tin-pans and the other calathumpian instruments, would instantly subject the musicians to fine and perhaps imprisonment. And yet the number of persons annoyed by calathumpian music was seldom half as great as the number of those who enjoyed the fun to the utmost.

But now is brought forward an invention which it would seem could only have come from the brain of one, like a certain Mary, possessed of seven devils, and the city authorities allow it to shriek and scream and yell, and utter its diabolical sounds, phizzy and wheezy, shrieking and squeaky, some flat, some sharp—being in tune is out of the question—by the hour together, without notice. I may have a calathumpian in my own house if I wish, provided they play you gently, so as not to disturb my neighbor; but I cannot have it on my steamboat, lying at the wharf; and this is right. But this thing from the regions below may send its horrid noises through all the region round about with impunity, and we hear of the "merry strains of the steam Calliope!"

On the 4th, I went to Hingham by the steamboat.

As I turned into Congress street on my way to the wharf, I heard away down street the sharp, shrill tones of a very bad hand-organ, in which the maker had forgotten to insert any appropriate harmonies to the silly air which was then in progress. I went on and on, and the abominable organ—which made me wish for the Berlin law, that every organ-grinder shall be fined who does not keep his grinding apparatus in tune—grew ever louder and louder. Arrived at the wharf, and there the instrument of torture was! on the very boat upon which our party was to go. What could we do? We discussed the question of giving up our party in the woods, casting aside all the arrangements which had been made, and flying for relief to any other quarter.

Will the confounded thing be kept going all the time of the passage? Cannot the cast iron-eared man at the keys be pitched overboard? What can we do?

Well, at last we concluded to try it—and we *did* try it! Besides the horrors of the tones produced, just think what it is to a sensitive musical person, to hear "old 100," "Greenville," negro melodies, old Scotch airs and Irish songs, all mixed up together, pell mell, played upon steam locomotive whistles, all in the same key, all in the same kind of "rum, tum, tum—r-r-r-um, tum, tum" harmony, (?) in no case in tune, and with occasional sforzandos, which invariably, as they swelled, raised the pitch from an eighth to half a tone!

"But, Mr. Diarist, you are not obliged to go to Hingham."

No, Sir, thank my good stars!

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1857.

### Commencement Week—Our Class—C. T. B.'s Ode—Festival of the Alumni—Music at Cambridge.

This week our dear and honored Alma Mater claimed our loyalty, and thankful for the musical vacation of the hot months (which even a poor drudge of a musical editor might be allowed to seize upon), we have sought the pleasant shades of Harvard and lived over the old thoughts and feelings that date back a quarter of a century among a goodly representation of our dear old classmates. The ceremonies of Wednesday, Commencement proper, went on in the time-honored way, and are found chronicled in all the newspapers. That day for us belonged to our old Class of 1832. We were *sixty-eight* then, when we came out into the busy, stormy world. We are but fifty now, and *twenty-five* (nearly all who were within call) met to keep the twenty-fifth, or "silver" anniversary of our graduation. We were a noble and united class. Harmony was our motto, and among the influences which kept us united, and which still keep the old class sentiment alive, was eminently that of Music. We had our famous singers, whose songs rang through the Commons hall on Fourth of July mornings, and through the evening stillness under the venerable elms, with memorable charm. Those old songs (our tastes were not then very classical), renewed at all our anniversaries, have never failed to waken the true thrill; for they still tell of a free, inner, common life, that kept and keeps us one in spite of the world's ambitions and distinctions. Some of us have been more faithful, perhaps, to that life, and that bond of union, than to the formal lessons which our Mother gave us. Some of us have been more strongly drawn away by Music, than by aught that beckoned us in paths of literature or the professions,—or one of us would not be writing here. The class of '32 has furnished its fair share of shining lights in church and state, in literature and science; and these have not shut out from their sympathies and recognition one, who, turning aside from all these paths, has come unconsciously and irresistibly

to be preoccupied with so secular a life-task as that of striving to make Music recognized as one of the essential "humanities" and "classics" of true education, as an important element in social life (especially in free republics,) and in the culture of the true Christian gentleman.

This is not the place, nor have we room, to give a record (than which few things could be richer or more interesting, were all known) of that gathering of the twenty-five around a board laden with the memories of twenty-five years as well as with the good things of the present. So many tender, serious, humorous recollections; so much wisdom bought by dear experience, so much renewal of high aspirations; half sad, half sweet renunciation of once proud ideals; so much poetry and wit and anecdote and song, and serious lesson, all in the rich and mellow key of Friendship! These could only be embodied in a Symphony, of the richest, tenderest and deepest, yet opening and ending with bright glorious strains that thrill and quicken and renew all high hopes and resolves.

We cannot give the fine things said by brother B., our President; nor the beautiful memorial address by brother O., our class orator; nor the poor excuses of our dumb class poet, who shall be nameless; nor the sententious results of calm, solid brothers S. and M.; nor the Charles Lamb-like college reminiscences of quaint, modest brother H.; nor the many apt responses, grave and gay, each exquisitely flavored with the old individuality, which under the inspiration of the hour, shone also through the altered, time-hardened faces with the old look and glow of youth; but we have it fortunately in our power to present the beautiful Ode, contributed by our beloved brother, Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS of Newport, whose graceful translations from the German poets have so many times adorned our columns.

How beautiful the feet

That, from manhood's dusty track,  
To the green and shaded seat  
Of the Muses hasten back—

To Learning's, Friendship's, Memory's honor'd shrine!

From the race-ground's heat and toil

How gratefully they turn—

From the battle-ground's turmoil

To thy stillness how they yearn,  
Auld Lang Syne!

Their Delphi's classic fount

In thy tranquil realm they find—

Their Zion's hallowed mount—

Their "Mecca of the mind"—

The Sepulchre, the Altar and the Urn:

Calm and holy is the air—

Fresh and holy is the ground—

Deathless garlands breathe around,

And vigil-torches there

Ever burn.

Thus, Brothers, come we now

Our ancient home to greet,

And, with pensive, reverent brow,

To lay at Wisdom's feet

Our votive gift in Thought's memorial hall:

We heard the ghostly breeze,

With a low-voiced music moan,

Through old Harvard's quivering trees,

And there breathed a mother's tone

In the call.

We come the scenes to trace

Of happy, youthful days—

Each well-remembered place

Of studies, walks and plays—

But ah, the change! "Ah, fields beloved in vain!"

How near and yet how far

That picture fair doth seem!

So shines an evening star

With softened summer-gleam

O'er the plain.

Alas, the fleeting years!

Remembrance! blissful pain!



What though thy bitter tears,  
Like drops of latter rain,  
O'er graves of days and joys departed fall?  
On life's autumnal mould—  
The dust of Memory's dead—  
The burning tear grows cold;  
No shower the spring that fled  
Can recall.

Yet *this* the spirit cheers—  
This pearl, from dark depths won :—  
Though built of memory's tears,  
In life's declining sun,  
Fair sign of Hope an evening-rainbow yields.  
Though Time may ne'er restore  
Full many a form and face—  
The loved and lost of yore—  
Transfigured, they shall grace  
Holier fields!

Not gloomy, then, though sad,  
We turn our pilgrim-feet,  
With lofty faith made glad,  
To this reverend retreat,  
Peopled with holy dead, that die no more.  
Meet it is, we to-day,  
In the world's distracting strife,  
Should pause upon our way,  
And the voice of death and life  
Ponder o'er.

Five times five years have fled  
Since the warm midsummer night,  
Now numbered with the dead,  
Yet warm in memory's light,  
When, with youth's and music's wild, commingling  
Till the ceiling's echoes rang, [swell,  
And the agitated air  
Made the very tapers flare,  
Our last vows and hopes we sang—  
And farewell!

And we felt a nameless thrill,  
As the parting-hour drew nigh,  
Our eyes and bosoms fill,  
When the night-wind's plaintive sigh  
Bore away the dying accents of our chorus :  
" We are breaking the last ties,—  
Brothers, classmates, with the dawn  
Of the morrow we are gone,  
And Life's broad ocean lies  
All before us!"

Five times five years have fled—  
Summer sun and winter snow  
Five and twenty times have shed  
On the cheek the dark brown glow,  
And streaked the hair with lines of silver-grey—  
And, a thinned and wasted band,  
From the fields and floods of life,  
Scathed by storm and scarred by strife,  
At the trumpet-call we stand  
Here to-day.

In classic days of yore,  
As each fifth year came round,  
Her children counting o'er,  
Through the cleansed city's bound  
Kept holy time our ancient mother Rome.  
With us the faithful sun,  
Commander of the sphere,  
Through lustrums five hath run,  
And this most solemn year  
Calls us home!

We seek our boundary-stones,  
A band of comrades true,  
Old Harvard's loyal sons,  
To keep, with honors due,  
Our year of numbering and of purifying;  
To call the blotted roll,  
Our missing ones to tell,  
And mourn for them that fell,  
Whose memory in the soul  
Bides undying.

And while the storied wall  
Memorial tablets grace,  
In thought's heaven-lighted hall  
A high and sacred place

Shall many a *rotine* tablet also find :  
Faith's pious incense there  
And gratitude's clear fire  
Shall purify the air  
And from every base desire  
Cleanse the mind.

What mingling smiles and tears—  
What lights and glooms flit fast  
O'er the picture, as the years  
Of the slumbering, dreamy past  
From the magic circle start again to life;—  
And again, a boyish band,  
With elastic step, we tread  
A classic, mythic land,  
Trained by sage and hero dead  
For the strife!

Alas! no more on earth  
That Friendship shall be found!  
The music and the mirth  
That charmed for us this ground,  
And drew down heaven so near us,—all is o'er!  
No more, as then, we'll meet  
In chamber, hall or grove,—  
No more take counsel sweet,  
Nor in free, fond converse rove,—  
Nevermore!

Another lot was ours,  
For *this was not our rest*;  
Not in these fading bowers  
The soul can find her nest;  
Man's Eden lies beyond the bounds of earth.  
In this harbor's green retreat  
Piped the wind one summer-morn;  
And, like leaves by whirlwinds torn,  
On life's ocean was our fleet  
Scattered forth.

And some whose hopes were high  
In that morning's freshening breeze,  
And who saw, with kindling eye,  
Proud havens o'er the seas,  
Ere noon have sunk beneath the "envious surge."  
The wind that, favoring, blew,  
And the trumpet-signal gave,  
As their pennon sea-ward flew,  
Already o'er their grave  
Sings the dirge.

And, fellow-pilgrims, ye  
Who, spared the untimely fate,  
Still ride or stem the sea,  
Or, in some port, await  
The signal-call of Him who sits on high,—  
Say, does the solemn past  
Sound on in memory's ear  
Like Duty's trumpet-blast,  
With warning and with cheer,  
From the sky?

The past, it is not dead—  
It lives, in memory, still;  
Though the outer form hath fled,  
Yet the inner senses thrill  
To the vision and the voice of days gone by.  
Gone by? ah no—not gone,  
But, like the world of night,  
Unseen in day's bold light,  
Forever following on,  
Ever nigh.

Our loved and lost ones rise  
In glory from the dust,—  
The gentle and the wise,  
The saintly and the just,  
Teacher revered, true friend and trusted guide;  
And heavenly is their talk,  
And on the tranquil brow  
Beams heavenly radiance now,  
While, as of old, they walk  
At our side.

Yes, from its place of old,  
Though youth's fair world is gone,  
Like morning's web of gold  
From the dew-bespangled lawn,  
The past is ours—no more to pass away—  
Its pleasures and its pains,

Each glory and defeat,  
Its losses and its gains,  
The bitter and the sweet,  
Ours for aye!  
Each generous dream of youth  
That bade us wage, through life,  
For virtue, right and truth  
Heroic, holy strife;  
Each earnest struggle of the better will;  
Each heavenly desire,  
Each wise and lofty thought,  
Each spark of manly fire  
From saint, sage, warrior, caught,  
Nerves us still.

Nor yet with us abide  
These angels bright, alone :—  
Close follow at our side,  
With sad, yet tender tone,  
And with reproachful, not resentful brow,  
Scorned Wisdom, slighted Age,  
And Time neglected, too,—  
These, from a higher page,  
Kind monitors and true,  
Teach us now.

This moral ends my rhyme :—  
Classmates, who still must learn,  
In this great school of time,  
Full many a lesson stern,—  
One Friend—one Teacher—bides when all is past.  
On Him and for Him wait—  
Till, at the signal-call,  
Through that mysterious gate,  
To higher forms we all  
Rise at last!

The testimony borne that evening as always by  
"Our Class," to the worth of Music, we gladly set  
down here among the sweet encouragements to our  
own sometimes dry and thankless task as editor of a  
Journal of Music. In the extremely rich and in-  
spiring triennial Festival of the Alumni, upon Thurs-  
day, too, (which is reported in all the newspapers),  
we found signs of good cheer for music. The ora-  
tor of the day, Mr. Everett, in his masterly defence  
of the "glorious inutilities" of pure, ideal studies,  
devoted one of his most brilliantly elaborated periods  
to Music. At the dinner, the sentiments and speeches  
were echoed not alone as hitherto by strains from  
a brass band, (it was an excellent one that played  
this time, the "Brigade," we believe), but by a wor-  
thy academic choir of young men, Alumni, sixteen  
in number, led by Mr. J. C. Heywood, of the Class  
of '55, who sang "Fair Harvard," and various good  
college songs well harmonized, with excellent effect.  
It was a comfort, too, in the marches and counter-  
marches of the procession, on both days, and in the  
meeting house, not to hear hacknied "anvil chorus-  
es" and miserably inappropriate operatic common-  
places, echoing through those classic shades. The  
selections of the band, (such as we heard), were in  
good taste. These straws point in the right direction,  
and we do not despair of ere long realizing the great  
reform, or rather entire new creation, so much  
needed in the matter of our academic music. For,  
if Music be that divine element of human culture  
that we think it, it is surely fit our Universities  
should set the best examples.

At the dinner of the Alumni at Cambridge we had  
the unexpected pleasure of having at our side Mr. J.  
ALFRED NOVELLO, the leading publisher of classical  
musical works in London, who is the son of that dis-  
tinguished musician, VINCENT NOVELLO, and the  
brother of the great English singer, CLARA NOVELLO.  
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ing come over mainly for the purpose of strengthen-  
ing the New York branch of his extensive business.  
He is a solid, hearty, genial specimen of an intelli-  
gent Englishman, full of musical enthusiasm, and full  
especially just now of the great Handel Festival,  
which he regards as altogether a great triumph....  
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and 3 the advanced lessons in Harmony, Counterpoint,  
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